

CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 54--NO. 29.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 2,754.

OWEN & MOORE

No. 47 Franklin Street,

Call your Attention to

Their Large Stock

—OF—

Drugs, Patent Medicines,

Paints, Oils, Window Glass, &c.

To Country Merchants and Country Physicians we propose to wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought any where. We solicit the

RETAIL AND PRESCRIPTION TRADE

knowing that our facilities are not surpassed by any one for giving entire satisfaction. And we do not forget to return thanks to our many friends for past favors.

OWEN & MOORE.

CLEARING SALE

—OF—

WINTER GOODS.

On and After Jan. 15th

I will Sell at a

BIG REDUCTION!
All Winter Goods.

Heavy Boots,
Fur Caps,
Gloves and
Underwear

AT COST!

A Rare Chance to Buy Goods Cheap!

Respectfully,

J. F. BELL.

COAL. COAL.

We are now receiving full supplies of

Pittsburg,
St Bernard and Diamond,
Main Mountain Jellico,
Anthracite [Lehigh Valley,
Chestnut Size.]

which we can deliver during September at Summer prices. We will be pleased to receive your orders.

F. P. GRACEY & BRO.

JNO. W. FAXON.

FRANK T. HODGSON.

JOHN W. FAXON & CO.,

General Insurance Agents,

—Office at the—

Farmers and Merchants National Bank, Clarksville, Tenn.

We represent a fine line of the strongest foreign and American companies:

Continental, of New York.
German American, of New York.
American, of Philadelphia.
Fire Association, of Philadelphia.
Connecticut, of Hartford.
Phoenix, of Hartford.
North British and Mercantile,
Northern, of London.
Guardian, of London.
Queen, of London.
London and Lancashire.
Home, of Nashville.

Insurance entusted to us shall receive careful and prompt attention. A share of your business respectfully solicited. JNO. W. FAXON & CO.

THE THREE F'S.

BY KAKATO.

"Dost remember, Liz dear, in that far-away time,
When we met on the highway of life,
You thought me insipid—I thought you anstere,
Nor dreamt that you'd e'er be my wife?
Come! let your mind roam o'er the days that are gone,
Ere we wriggle and squirm in love's throes."
She paused in her knitting and smilingly said:
"Ah, yes! in those days we were foes."
"Dost remember again the season advanced,
And we more together were thrown?
How gaily we chatted for hours at a time
And to wrong first impressions did own?
It occurs to me now that we tried all we knew
To make to each other amends."
Again from the knitting the blue orbs were raised:
"Ah, yes! in those days we were friends."
"And yet once again dost remember the day
And the change o'er our friendship that came?
How my pulse called me spooney and chaffed me like fun,
And yours treated you just the same?"
Dost remember the night when I told you my love
And we both proved to be Cupid's tools?"
She bent her head over her knitting and sighed:
"Ah, yes! in those days we were fools!"

The Tobacco Tax.

By our Trenton Correspondent.

Few days ago we asked the distinguished editor of the Courier-Journal how it comes that, since he lives in the great tobacco state, Kentucky, and since he acknowledged and argued that tax on any article diminished its consumption, and since diminished consumption of any article decreases the price of it to the producer, and since all tax on incomes and bank checks has been repealed, and since after the tobacco tax shall have been repealed, still there would remain sixty million of surplus revenue flowing annually into the United States treasury. He in the face of the depression now on the Kentucky tobacco grower advocates the continuance of any tax on tobacco.

The Courier-Journal in the issue of Feb. 1st, says: "Any tax restricts consumption to a certain extent and the taxes on whisky and tobacco are no exception to the rule. The Courier-Journal opposes any interference with the internal taxes because there are other taxes which bear more heavily on the tobacco grower himself, than does the tobacco tax, and the clamor for the repeal comes not from the tobacco grower but from men who are by the tariff robbing the producers of the county of millions annually. In 1886 the tobacco tax yielded twenty-seven millions, in 1882 it yielded forty-seven millions. Here is a reduction that it seems to us should make the tobacco planter patient until other producers have equal relief."

"But if the tax does restrict consumption, then, as nearly one-half of the restriction has been removed, the tobacco grower should be willing to wait awhile, particularly as he, in common with all others, is concerned in the tariff."

Then having quoted the import statistics of pig iron in 1886, he remarks, "by the repeal of the tobacco tax the government pays twenty-seven millions for only twenty-seven millions relief for the people, by a repeal of the tax on pig iron it could get forty millions of relief at a cost of two millions."

We have endeavored to quote him fairly and fully, for his and our object should be to reason justly and having so counseled to urge the people to demand equitable legislation.

None familiar with the astuteness of the editor of the Courier-Journal and his adroitness in pressing to the front the most powerful argument in support of the side he chooses on any measure of public policy, will for a moment doubt his ability in these regards, to be equal to that of the most gifted debater in the land. He refers to the iron tax as more burdensome to the tobacco grower himself, than is the tobacco tax. Let us investigate this proposition.

The tobacco grower buys iron and pays the tax of six dollars and seventy-two cents on every ton he buys of it.

Well that is a tax, but let's see how many tons of iron the tobacco grower uses annually. To cultivate his tobacco crop he would require a double shovel plow, one-horse turning plow and a two-horse turning plow. How much will the iron on all these weigh and how often will the tobacco grower have to buy them? The iron will not weigh over two hundred pounds, and even under wasteful management, as to weather exposure, will not have to be purchased only every three or four years, but if not used in cultivation of corn and wheat or cotton or other crops than the tobacco crop made by a tobacco grower and properly sheltered this supply of plows would last twenty years. However granting the necessity of a triennial purchase—how many pounds of iron would the tobacco grower have to buy annually? How much tax each pound about one-third of a cent a pound, or about twenty-three cents a year. Then as the Courier-Journal would in the excellency of his judgment and beneficence toward the tobacco grower, shield him from the annual tax of twenty-three cents on iron, he concludes that the tobacco grower ought to be willing to wait awhile till other producers are also relieved of this oppressive iron tax, amounting as above stated to the not altogether incomprehensible sum of twenty-three cents to each producer, using the number of plows above named, a full supply to each field hand.

In the interest of truth and justice we would ask, what producer, other than the tobacco producer has his product taxed? Go over the whole list of productions grown from the Bay of Fundy to Attose pass and from the roaring Niagara to the placid Rio Grande and not one other production than tobacco bears the insignia of government spoliation. Is it not clear then that after this government theiring from the tobacco grower shall have been stopped, that then, and not till then, will his products be placed on equality with all other products. Even the Courier-Journal acknowledged that any tax restricts consumption, and the testimony of manufacturers of tobacco established the truth of that fact as applying with force to tobacco, say they, that every time the tobacco tax has been lessened the annual consumption has enlarged fifteen per cent. Then as experience demonstrates that tobacco has been more largely consumed after each reduction of the tax, notwithstanding that the tax still on it is sufficient to confine its manufacture in the hands of wealthy monopolists whose wholesale prices exact about seventy-five cents a pound on an average from the consumers, what increased consumption might be expected, when the tax on it shall have been removed, and the poor consumers of the cotton states who now can only get with their scant means, about half supplies will be able to buy the comforting chew to their satisfaction? Will twenty five per cent cover the increased consumption? No thirty-three per cent will be the minimum increase and with it the tobacco growers will get three dollars a hundred more for their tobacco than now, decrease in production, which on twenty-five hundred pounds would save to each tobacco grower not only twenty-three cents but seventy-five dollars more for the product of each hand a year, and though the consumers consumed a third more than now, as they would buy it for about half of what they now pay for it, their expenditures for it would be sixty-two millions less than now. There being two hundred and twenty millions of pounds consumed now at an average of seventy-five cents a pound, the consumers pay for it one hundred and sixty-eight million, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars—whereas the tax being removed they could consume 230,000,000 pounds at thirty-six cents, on an average, and then not expend so much for tobacco as now by \$62,000,000, which increased consumption would reasonably give the tobacco producer on active market at eight cents all around, whereas now he has a sluggish market at five cents, for select crops, and thus placed in the hands of the toiler in the tobacco patch \$15,000,000 more annually and at the same time allow the handsome profit of fifty per cent to the manufacturer.

A. J. W.

Concluded next week.

The Real Issue.

Tribune and Sun.

When men decide that a paternal government is right, and that Congress should be supreme over the federal Constitution and over the States, and that capital should be protected and labor enslaved, and that the people should be tried for life, liberty and property by Federal judges who hold office for life and are irresponsible to the people for their acts, then they should join the Republican party and fight for the destruction of the States, and teach the people not self-reliance but reliance on the Federal government in every emergency.

If self-government is a failure, then Democracy is a heresy, and the Republicanism that aims at centralization and an aristocracy based on money and greed is on the line of progress which the country will travel. The progress that leads to the destruction of our present form of government may be alluring to those whose ambition is blinded by the promise of gold, but it is a road that leads through fire and blood, by the scaffold and the dungeon, over ruined homes and blighted civilization and ends in the hell of anarchy, brooded over by the night of despotism. Yet there are men who travel this road with their consciences in their pockets and money in their hearts, proclaiming lies to deceive the people, scolding political principles and party associations as only fit expedients to promote successful villany. Democracy must assert itself, and it must mean what it says. The issue is self-government by the States against centralized government at Washington.

"You can always tell a man who has once been a clerk in a hotel," says an exchange. Our experience has always been that you can't tell him much, he knows it all.

BILL NYE'S LETTER.

He Writes Giving Information About the Sunny South.

SIoux RAPIDS, Ia., 2, 5, 1887

Bill Nye, Asheville, N. C.:

DEAR SIR: As you are now rusticated in the South and have probably got lots of time to answer letters written to you in good faith, I thought I would bother you with a few questions in regard to Carolina or such other parts of the South as you may be familiar with.

How is it for health as compared with the North?

What is the price per acre of land close to some good town? What will it cost to clear ready for the plow?

What are the principal fruits and vegetables raised? Is the water good for drinking purposes?

Any information you can give me in regard to the South will be rec'd with thanks.

Hoping to hear from you soon I am Yours, with respect.

As I have not such a great abundance of time in which to do this kind of correspondence, I take the liberty of writing a reply to your esteemed favor and printing it where it will meet the eye of many persons, no doubt, who may contemplate addressing me on the same subject.

Of the South generally I know very little from personal observation, but you will find throughout the South, wherever I have been, a general tendency toward warmer weather than you obtain in the North.

North Carolina, as you are no doubt aware, is generally mountainous in its geographical department, and on the map which I perused as a student, the State was of a dark blue color. Greatly to my surprise, however, on arriving here I found North Carolina to be red. The soil, such as it is, has the same roseate hue of the adult brick of commerce, and continues in that condition constantly.

The farms generally are not large in size, and are divided into three classes, viz, the Mansard farm, the Gothic farm and the Dormer farm. A good Gothic farm, near town, will bring from \$25 to \$100 per acre, including large wall pockets to hold farming implements at night, so that they will not drop out of the Gothic farm in the Dormer farm below.

I do not say that these mountain farms are steep. I simply state that water readily runs off when applied to them.

Tobacco is the great staple here. It is mostly of the smoking variety, though on the bottom lands a very hardy dwarf plug tobacco grows easily, and during a long season planters may readily grow the large tropical plug tobacco.

It is a rare sight to pass along the country road and see the navy plug tobacco of North Carolina rising to its full height in the glorious autumn sun, while through its waving boughs, the nut-brown or seal-brown plug tobacco of trade, with its glittering little tin tag near the stem, may be readily distinguished.

Fine cut tobacco also grows here to a great height. Every thing that goes to make life worth living may be found in the wildest profusion. Whisky is so plenty here that intemperance is not a mark of distinction.

Corn whisky, whether made beneath the broad glare of the noonday sun or by the moonlight process, is within the reach of all. It is so plenty that I do not care for it, and I know that an Iowa man could put in a winter here that would be memorable throughout his life.

You ask about the matter of health, and I am pleased to state that there has not been a circular printed or sent out from here during the past ten years that did not state in the most emphatic terms that this is a very healthy country. People who had enjoyed good health while here have gone North in several instances only to return in a deceased condition from drowning or some other miasmatic influence.

When I first came here I was dissatisfied. I yearned for something that I did not find. It was not scenery or climate, for each of these were a common occurrence, but I soon got acquainted, and in less than two weeks I had been addressed two times as "Colonel." I now enjoy the South very much.

Fruits of all kinds grow here and are used almost exclusively. The apple, the peach, the Hubbard squash, the grape, the octoon, the quince, the pecan, the persimmon and the opossum grow here. Figs do not mature in this latitude.

This is a great country for lung diseases. People with fractional lungs come here from every quarter of the globe. There are so many people here with lung diseases that a man who is simply baldheaded does not at once obtain recognition.

The water is very good for drinking purposes, and I have already heard it highly spoken of.

The weather is sometimes variable and then again for a little while it will be very uniform. One day you will see me playing lawn tennis in a jaunty suit of flannel, which shows to great advantage my every movement, and wearing ches, and on the following day you may find me coiled around a red-hot stove, waiting till the clouds roll by.

But it is said to be good for lung troubles, and many people who came here years ago to die, have been revived and relieved. There is no question about that. But you will find that the houses built here for rent or sale are made to admit the bulk of God's free air and no questions asked. If you want to see a robust climate come in under the floor and lash the carpet into angry billows a foot high, come here and hire a perforated house.

Yours in good faith,
COLONEL BILL NYE.

THE WITCH'S FATE.

A Cruel Prejudice of Old Times More Than Equalled Now.

Not many decades ago in this country, the people were excited over witchcraft. Persons suspected were thrown into the water; if not witches, they would drown; if they were witches, they would swim ashore, and would be put to death! In any event, they were doomed!

Not many years ago if a person were taken sick with advanced disorder of the kidneys, the physician would pronounce the disease Bright's disease, and when so declared, he regarded his responsibility at an end, for medical authority admitted that the disease was incurable.

When the physician found a patient thus afflicted, he would say, "Oh, a slight attack of the kidneys; will be all right in a little while." He knew the contrary. But if he could keep his patient on his hands for a few months, he knew he would derive a great revenue from his case, and then when the disease had progressed to a certain stage he would state the facts and retire exonerated from all blame.

But the error of supposing the disease incurable, has swayed the public mind, long after the fact has ceased to be. But public opinion, has been educated to the true status of the case by those who have discounted the incurability theory, and the public recognizes and testifies to the fact that Warner's safe cure is a specific for this disease. This has been shown with thousands of testimonials.

Upon referring to them in our files we find that \$5,000 reward will be given to any one who can prove that so far as the manufacturers know they are not genuine, and that hundreds of thousands similar in character could be published, if it were necessary.

This condition of things is very amusing to the journalist, who looks upon all sides of every question. Proof should be accepted by all, but prejudice fights proof for many years. It seems that when a proprietary medicine is doing the good that Warner's safe cure is that the physicians do not publicly endorse it. Many of them, we are told, privately prescribe it.

A few years ago, as stated, when a man had Bright's disease, the doctor boldly announced it, because he thought it relieved him of responsibility.

To-day when prominent people are dying (and hundreds of thousands of common people die of the same disease), we are told that doctors disguise the fact that it is Bright's disease of the kidneys and say that they die of paralysis, of apoplexy, of pneumonia, of consumption, of general debility, of rheumatism, of heart disease, of blood poisoning, or some of the names of the direct effects of kidney disease. They are not the real disease itself.

We sometimes wonder if they avoid stating the real cause of disease for fear they will drive the public into patronage of the only scientific proprietary specific for kidney diseases that originate in inactive kidneys.

We do not believe every advertisement we read. Some people perhaps may regard this article as an advertisement and will not believe it, but we are entitled enough to say that we believe the parties above mentioned have stated their case and proved it, and under such circumstances the public is unwise if it is longer influenced by adverse prejudice.

When the secretary of the governor announced the governor's nomination for commissioner of agriculture, the following proceedings were had:

Mr. Sparks moved the senate go into executive session with open doors.

The clerk read the nomination of B. M. Hord of Davidson county to be commissioner of agriculture.

Mr. Cobbs moved he be confirmed.

Mr. Polk attested that the gentleman was well qualified to fill the position.

But few of the Senators knew Mr. Hord, and there was some inquiry about him.

Among the questions asked were:

"Is he a sky-blue or a jimson-juice Democrat?" "Is he a scientific Democrat?" and "Is he a Blair bill man?"

All questions were evidently satisfactorily answered, as the nomination was confirmed unanimously.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I own my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain. Try a bottle, only 50 cents at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

The Governor's Plighted Faith.

[Paris Tribune.]

"Over the grave of a dead and buried trust no resurrection note can ever sound like a bugle amid the dewy hills to call the sleeper from his couch. Once dead it is dead forever. God pity the people who have wept at such a death-bed."

But Gov. Taylor sedulously avoided speaking out then what he knew the bore and sinew of Tennessee Democracy to be against; but no sooner was he installed into office and had donned the executive robe than he, forgetful of the pledges he had made to the people, and the promises of good faith made the Democratic party, like a treacherous Mahone, has proven himself unfaithful to the trust reposed and unloyal to the toiling voters who placed him in office,